



NO. 18 00006
FEB 76/CDC

all new

The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS



Barney & Betty RUBBLE

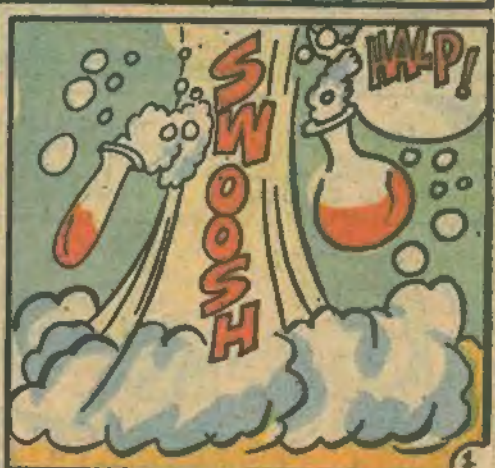
Hanna-Barbera
Productions



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Barney & Betty in THE MOD SCIENTIST

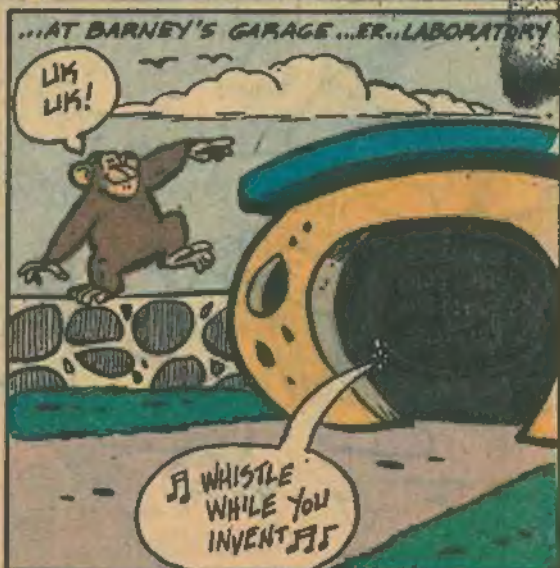
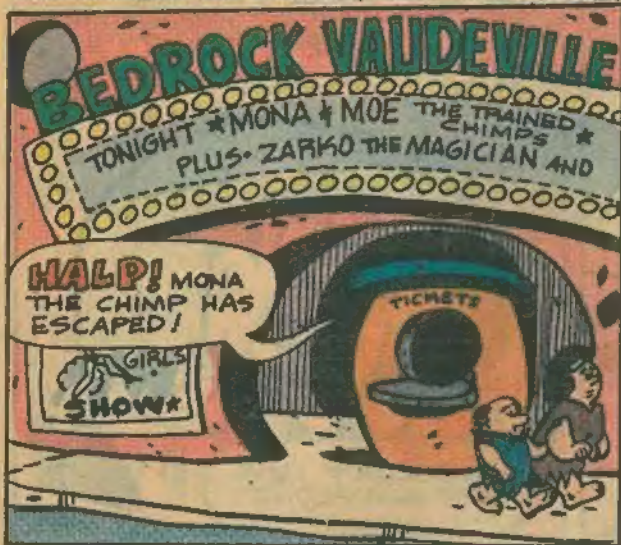


BARNEY & BETTY
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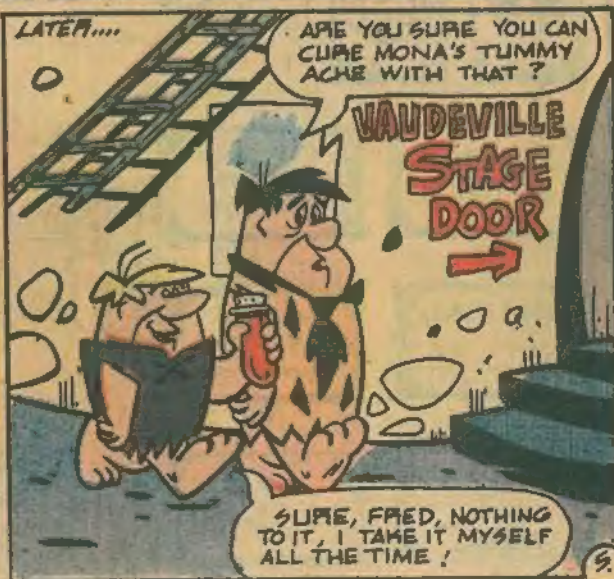
BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 4, No. 18, February, 1976.
Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher.
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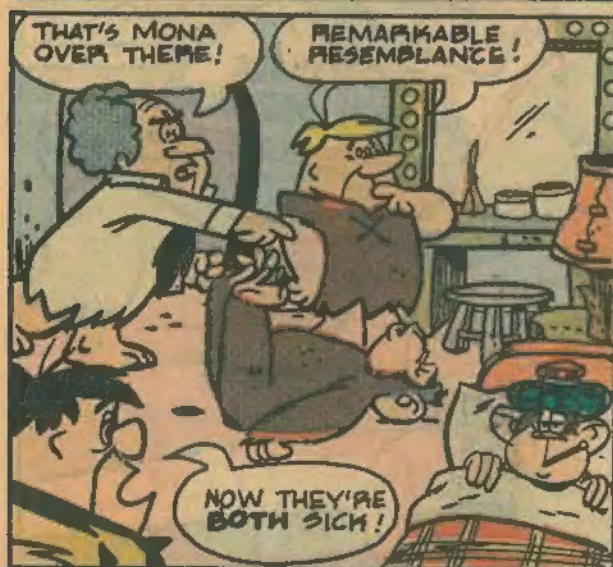


MEANWHILE, AT THE BEDROCK VAUDEVILLE THEATRE...



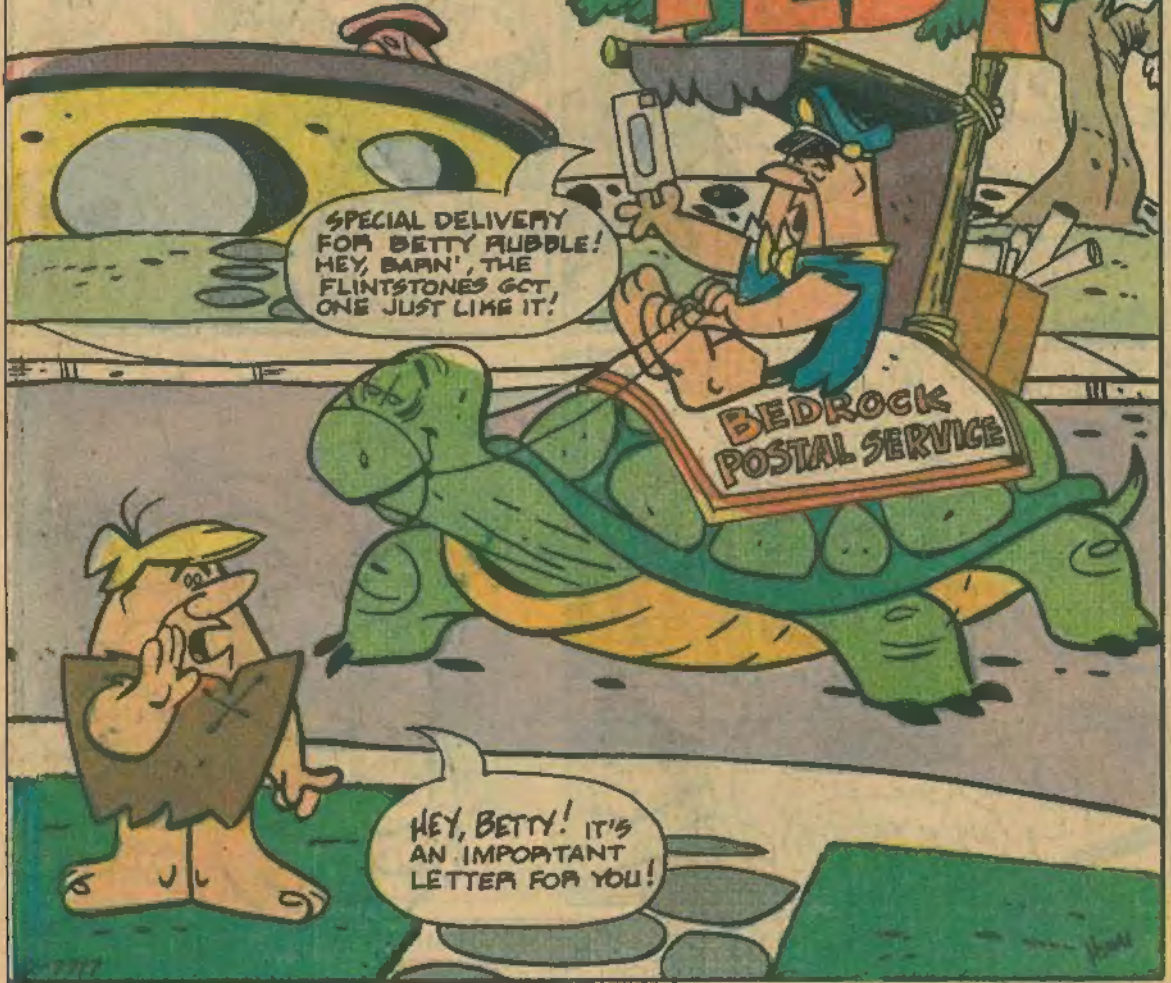






Barney & Betty Rubble

IN ROAD TEST







POO POO
WE LOST!

LOST
WHAT
LADY?

WE BET OUR HUSBANDS
WE'D BEAT THEM IN THE
DRIVING TEST... THEY
WERE GOING TO TAKE
US TO DINNER IF WE
WON \$500!

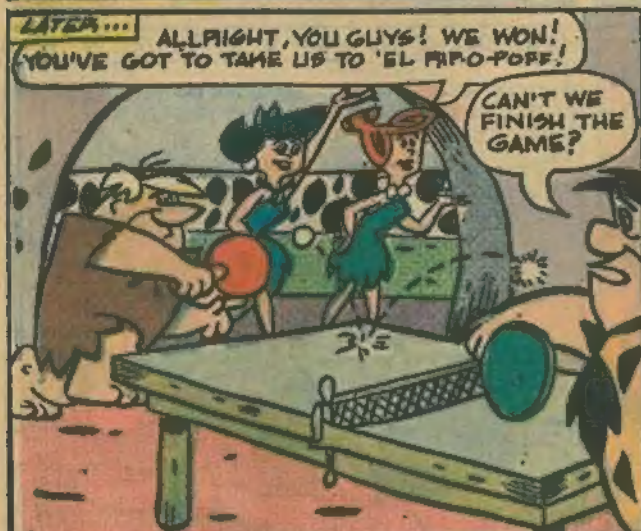
YOUR HUSBANDS ARE
A LITTLE BLOND GUY AND
A BIG FAT WISE GUY!



SOUNDS
LIKE
THEM!

TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO,
LADIES, IF YOU PROMISE TO
COME TO OUR DRIVING CLASS
I'LL FIX IT SO YOU GET YOUR
NIGHT OUT.

WE PROMISE!



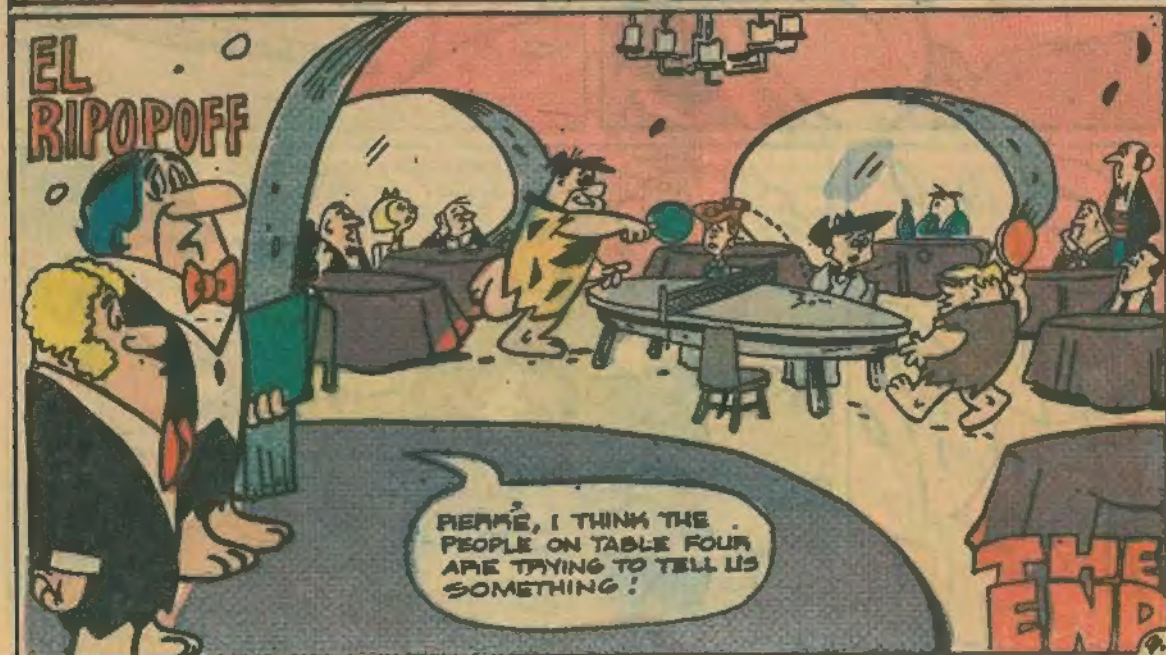
LATER...

ALLRIGHT, YOU GUYS! WE WON!
YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE US TO 'EL RIPOPOFF!

CAN'T WE
FINISH THE
GAME?



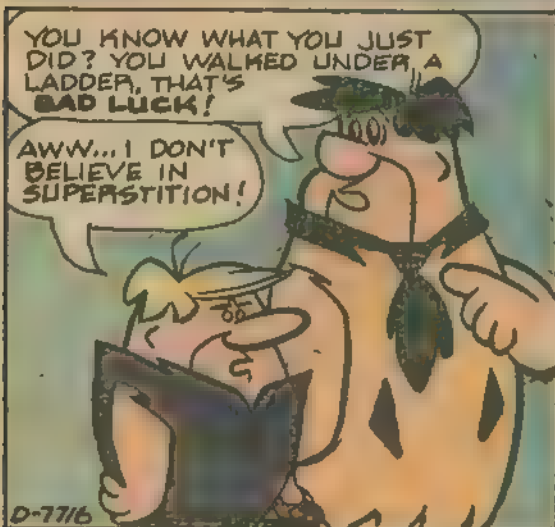
HMM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA, FRED.
THAT RESTAURANT TAKES SUCH
LONG TIME TO SERVE... WE
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE USE OF
OUR LONG WAIT!



EL
RIPOPOFF

PIERRE, I THINK THE
PEOPLE ON TABLE FOUR
ARE TRYING TO TELL US
SOMETHING!

THE
END



SPLAT



Bamby & Betty RUBBLE

WHO'S UP DOX?

HEY, BETTY, WHAT'S
THE MATTER WITH
HOPPY?

OH, THE BIG
BABY... YOU'D
THINK NO ONE
HAS EVER HAD A
STOMACH ACHE
BEFORE!

I'D BETTER
TAKE HIM TO
THE DOCTOR!

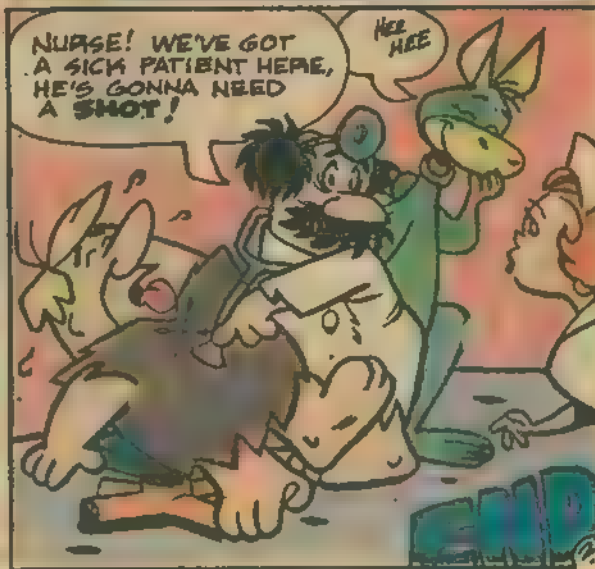
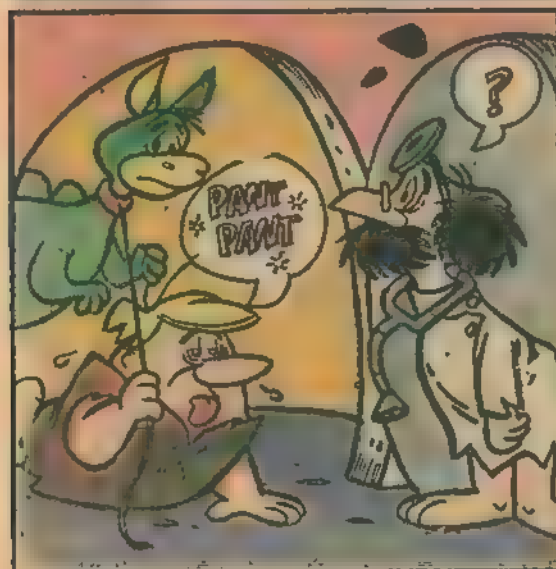
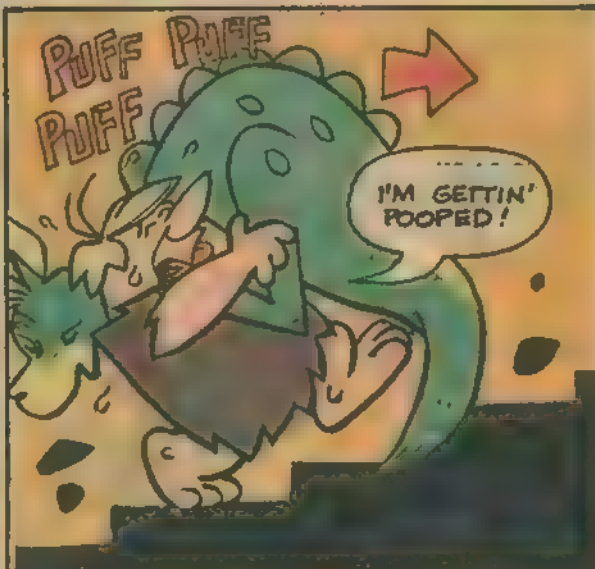
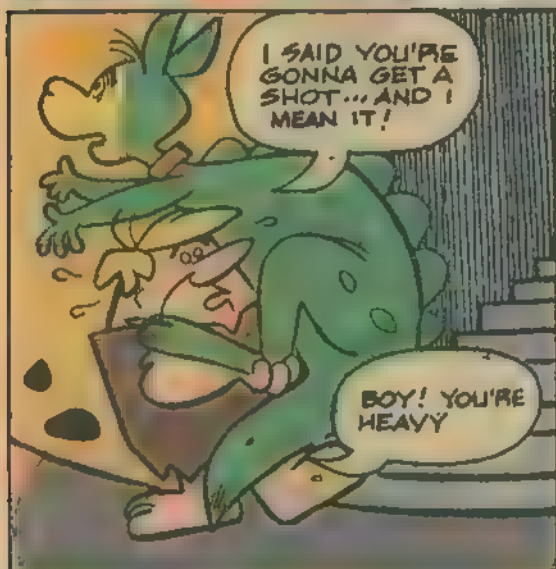
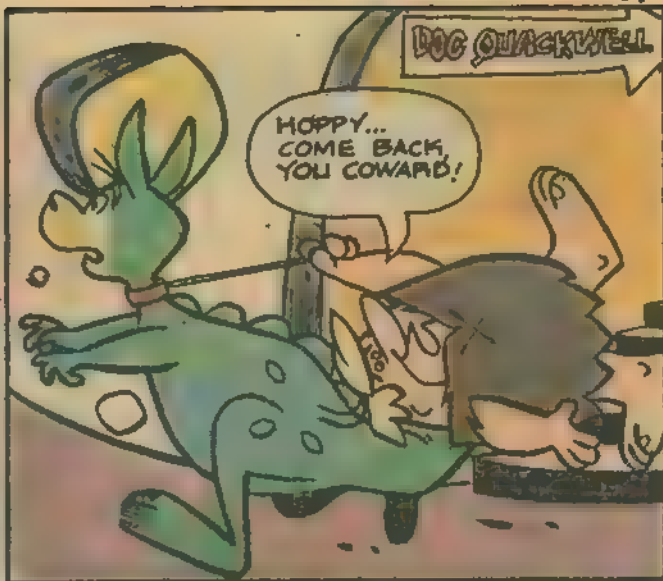
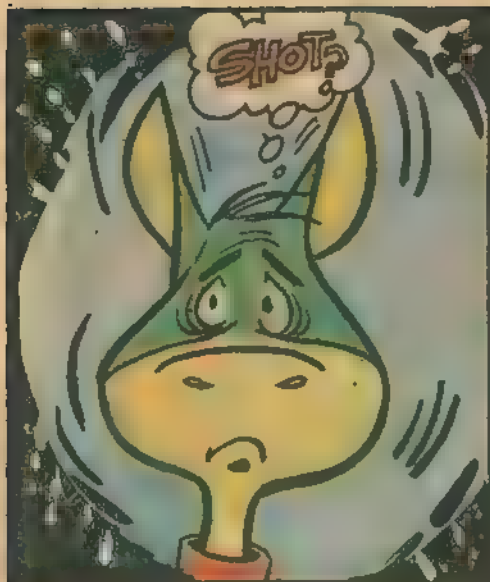
AAAAGGH

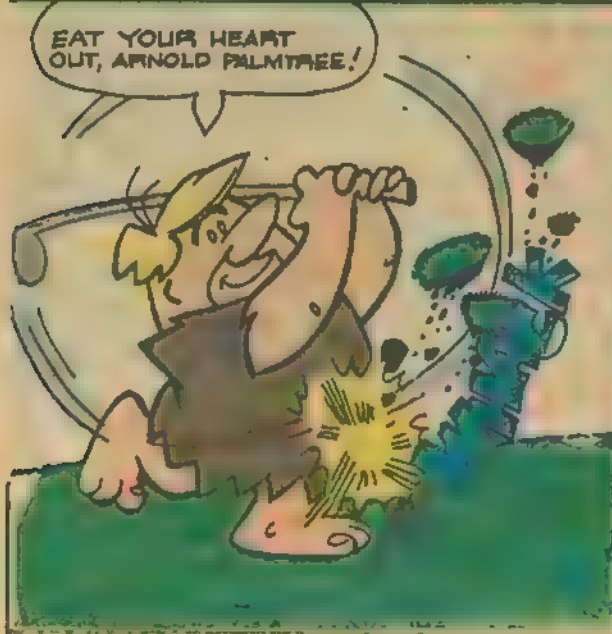
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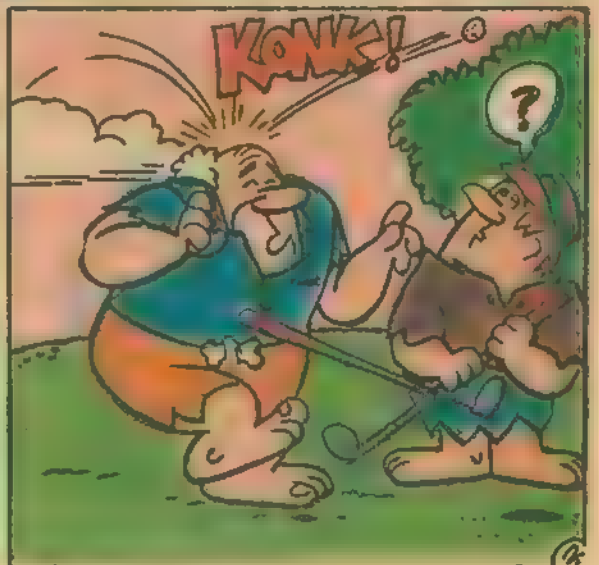
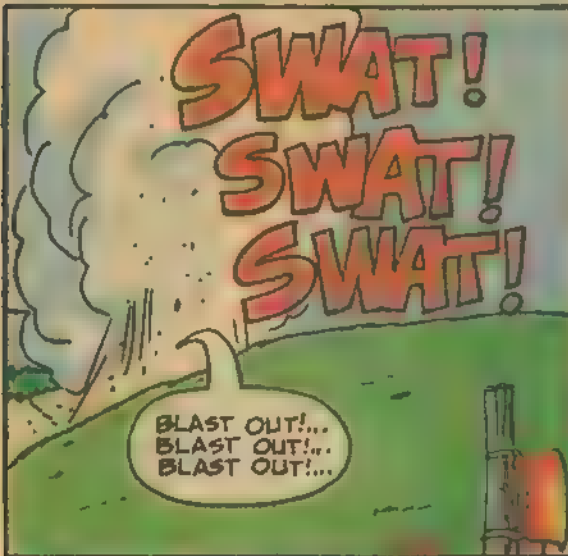
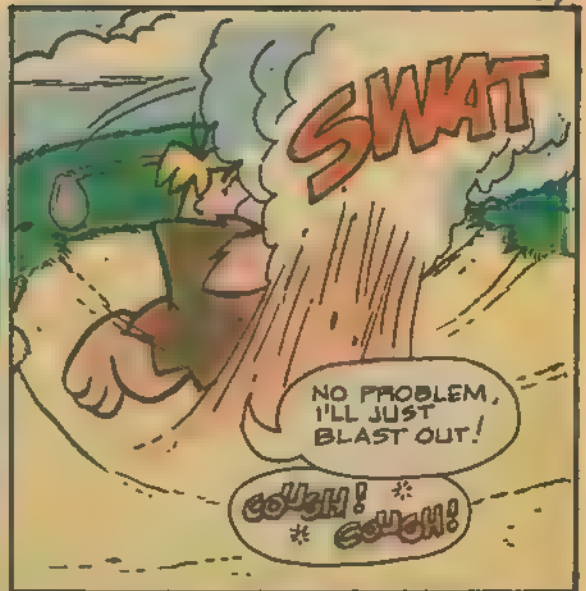
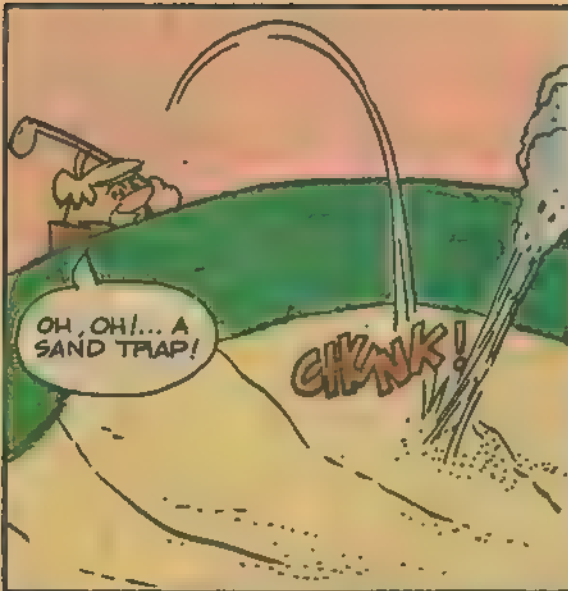
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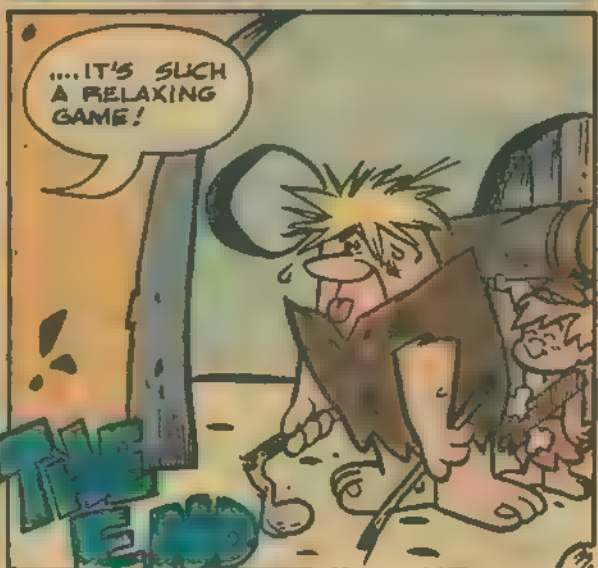
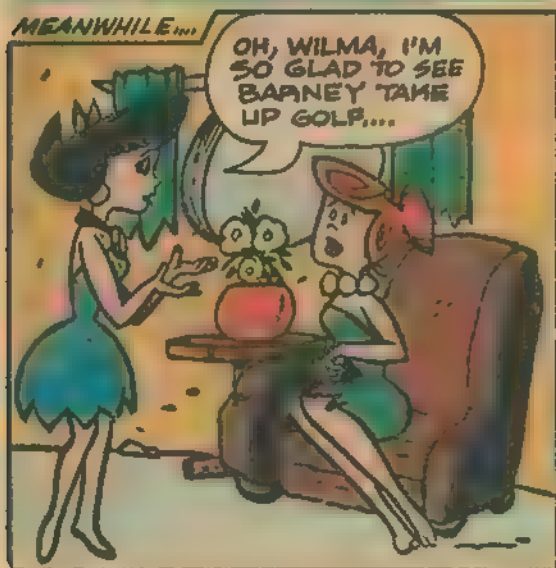
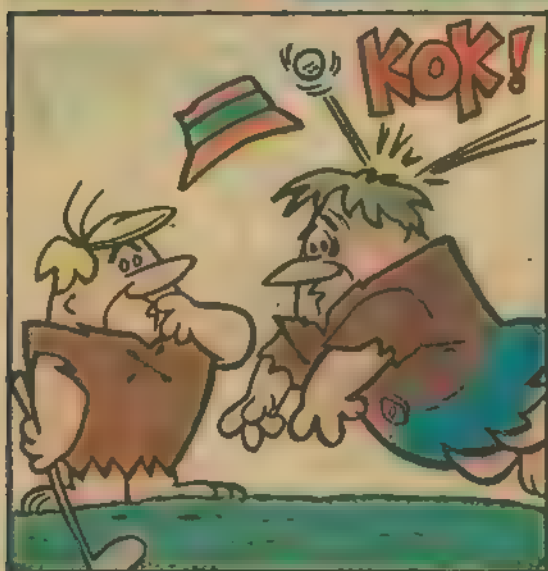
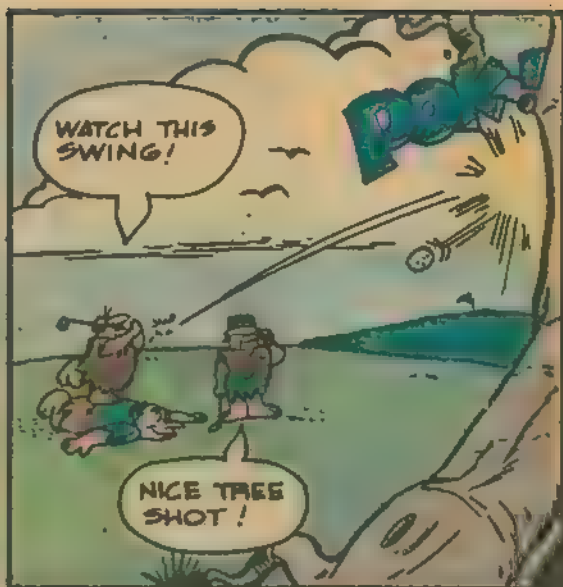
HAMP!
HAMP!

MAYBE THE
DOCTOR CAN
GIVE HIM A
SHOT!

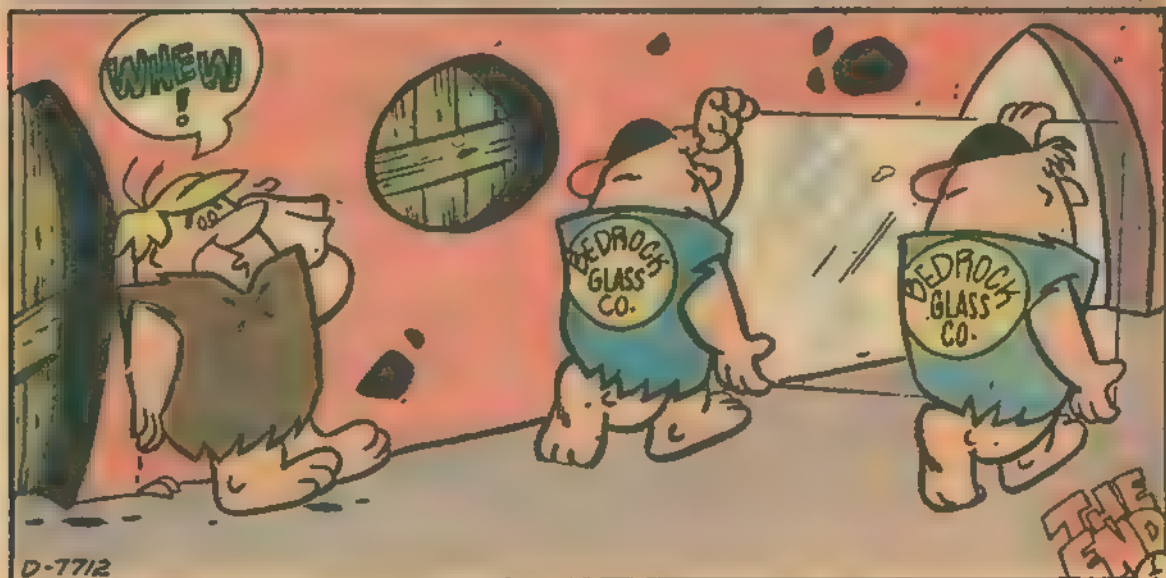
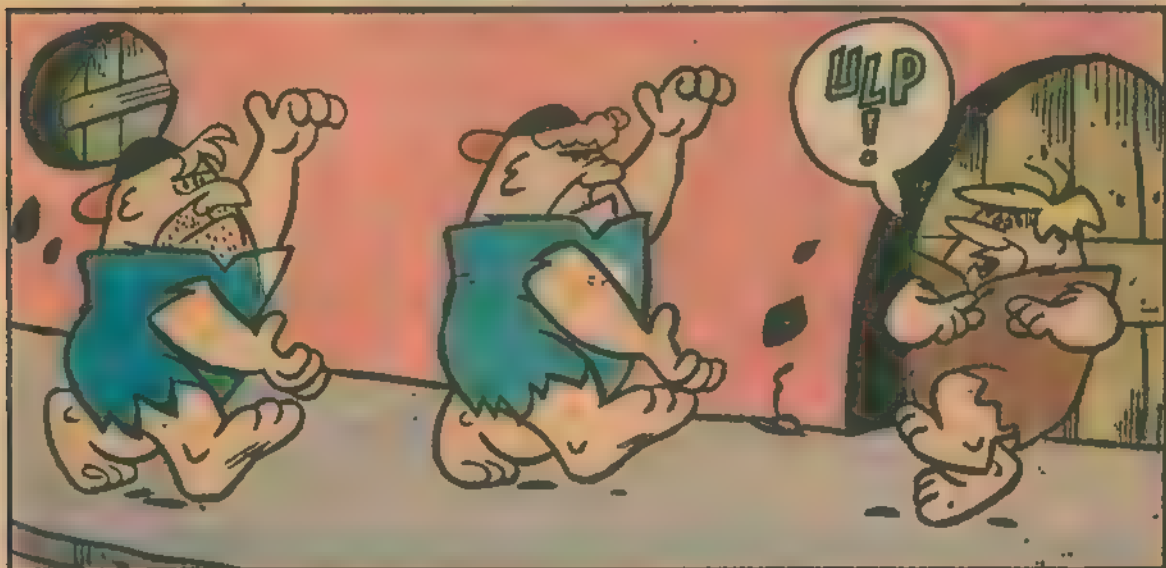
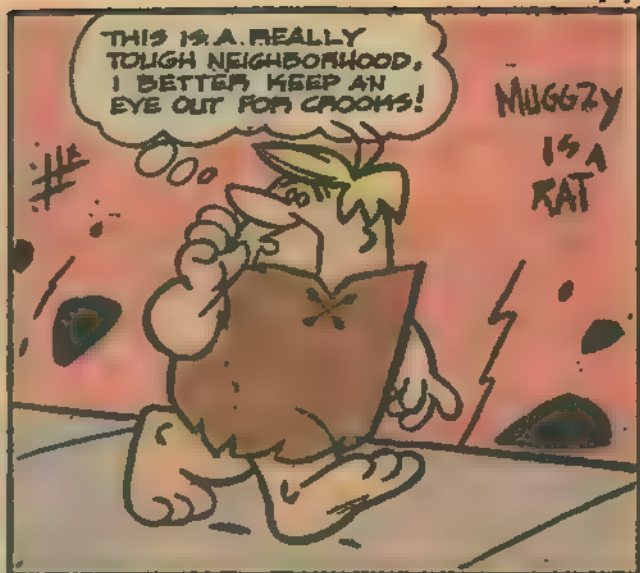








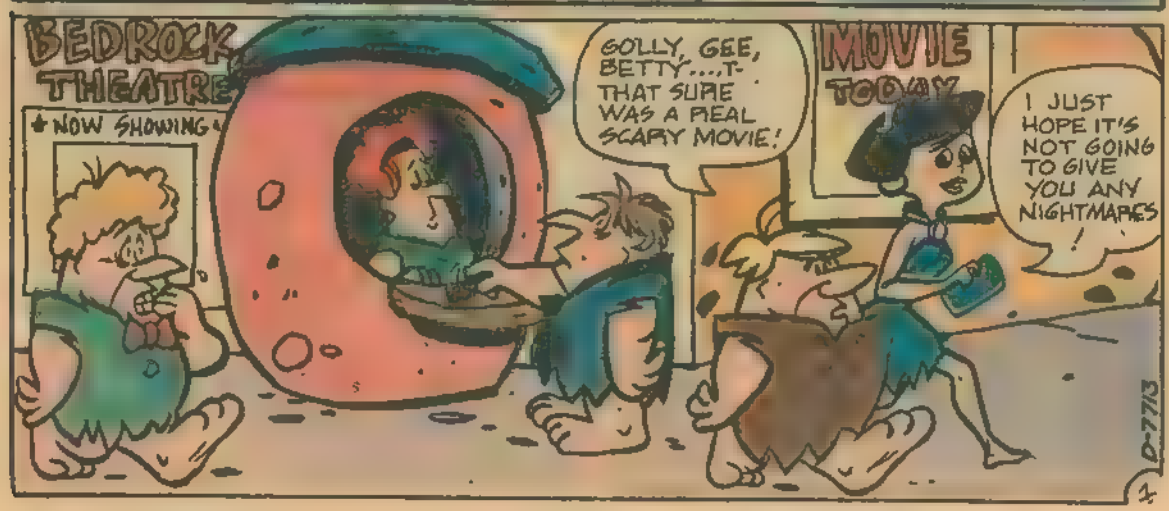
WILLY & PETE RUBBLE IN A REAL PANE



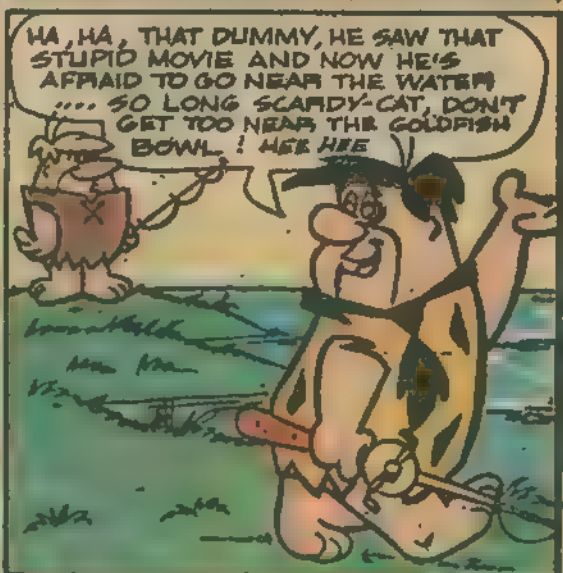
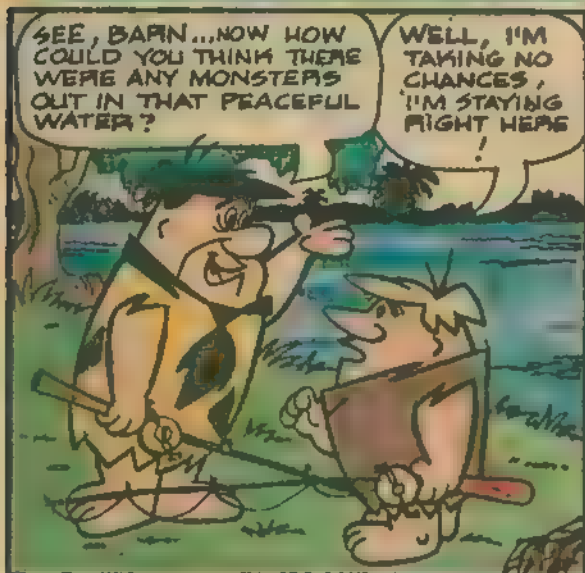
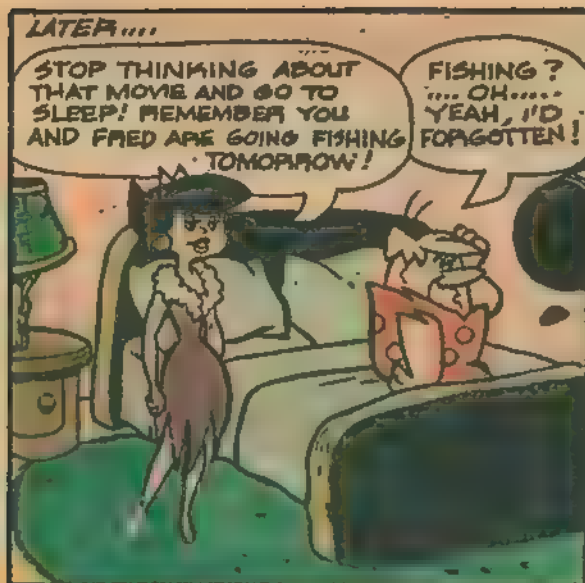
Barney & Betty RUBBLE

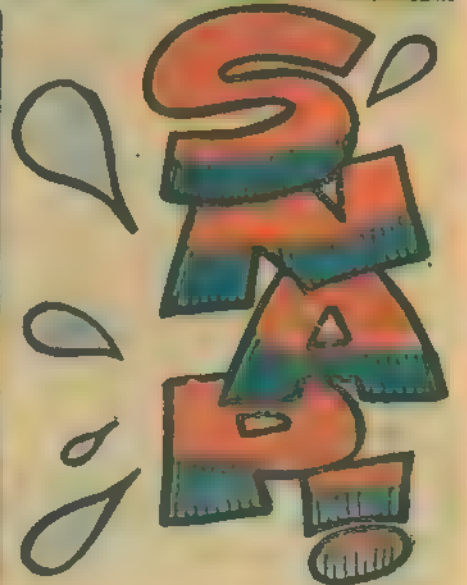
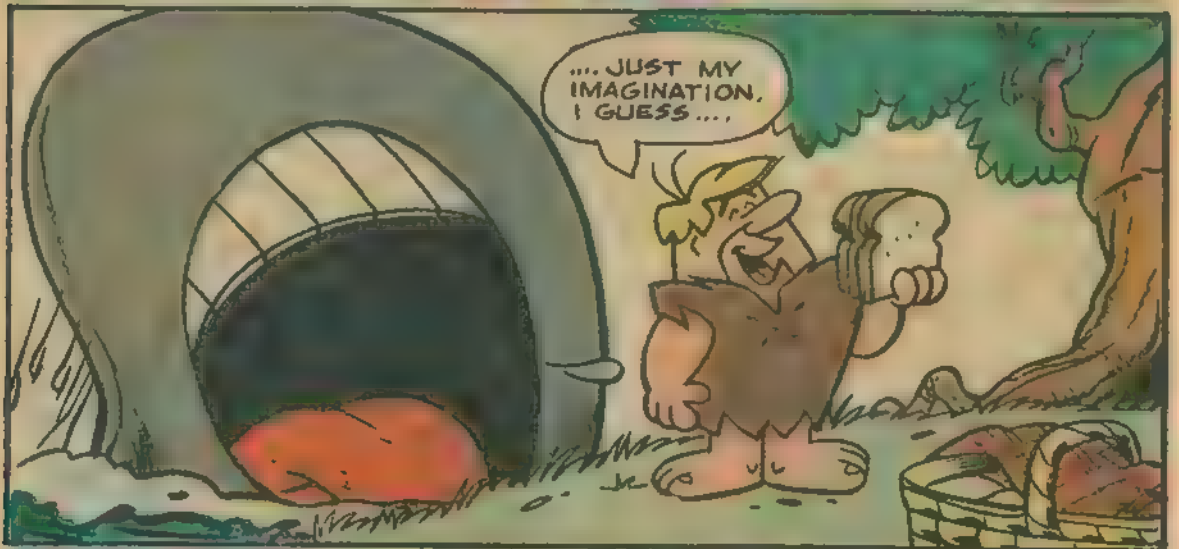
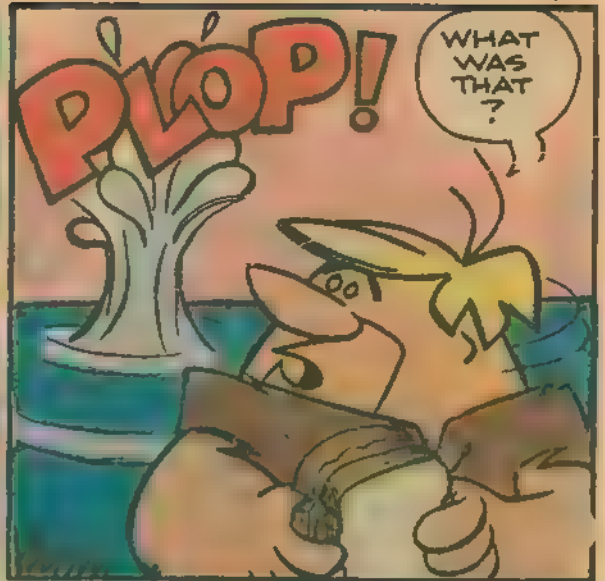
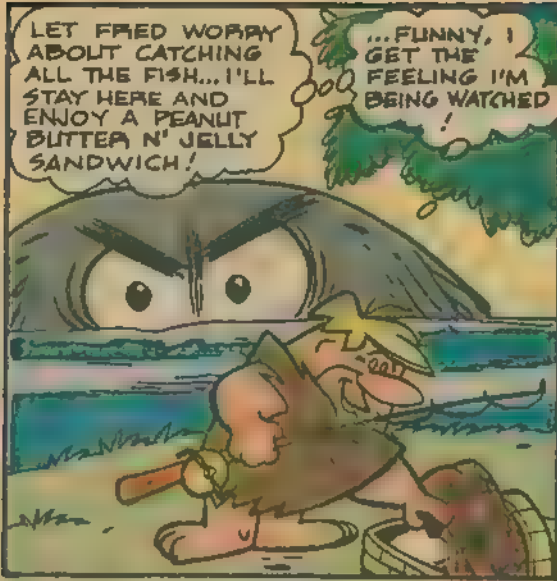


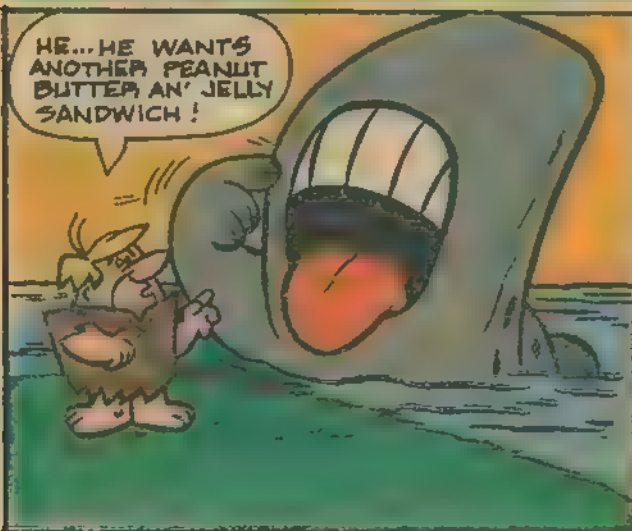
Hamel

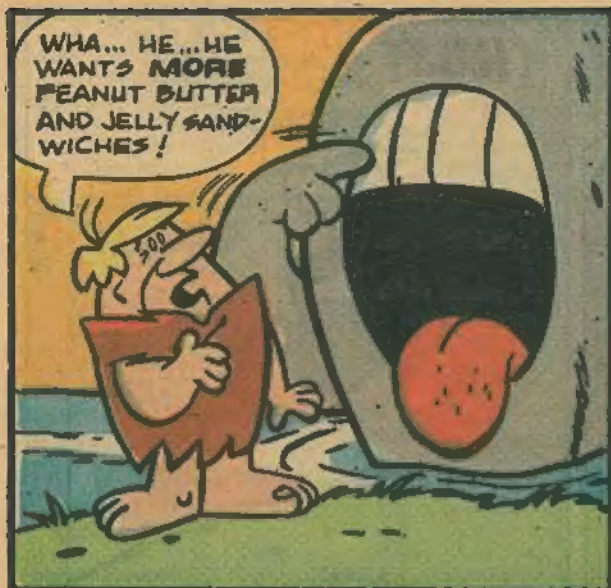


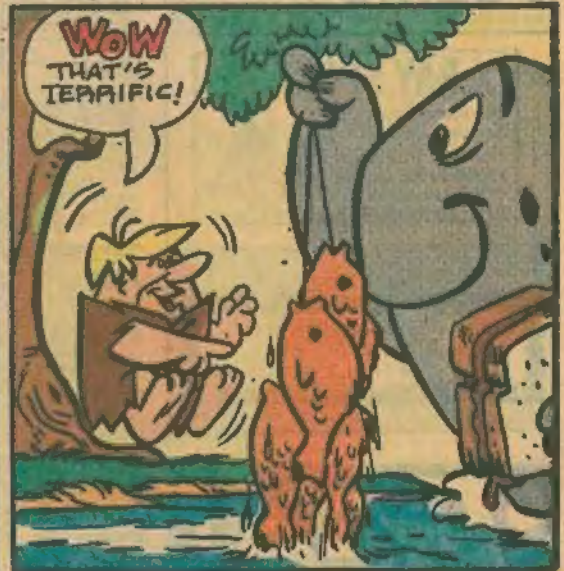
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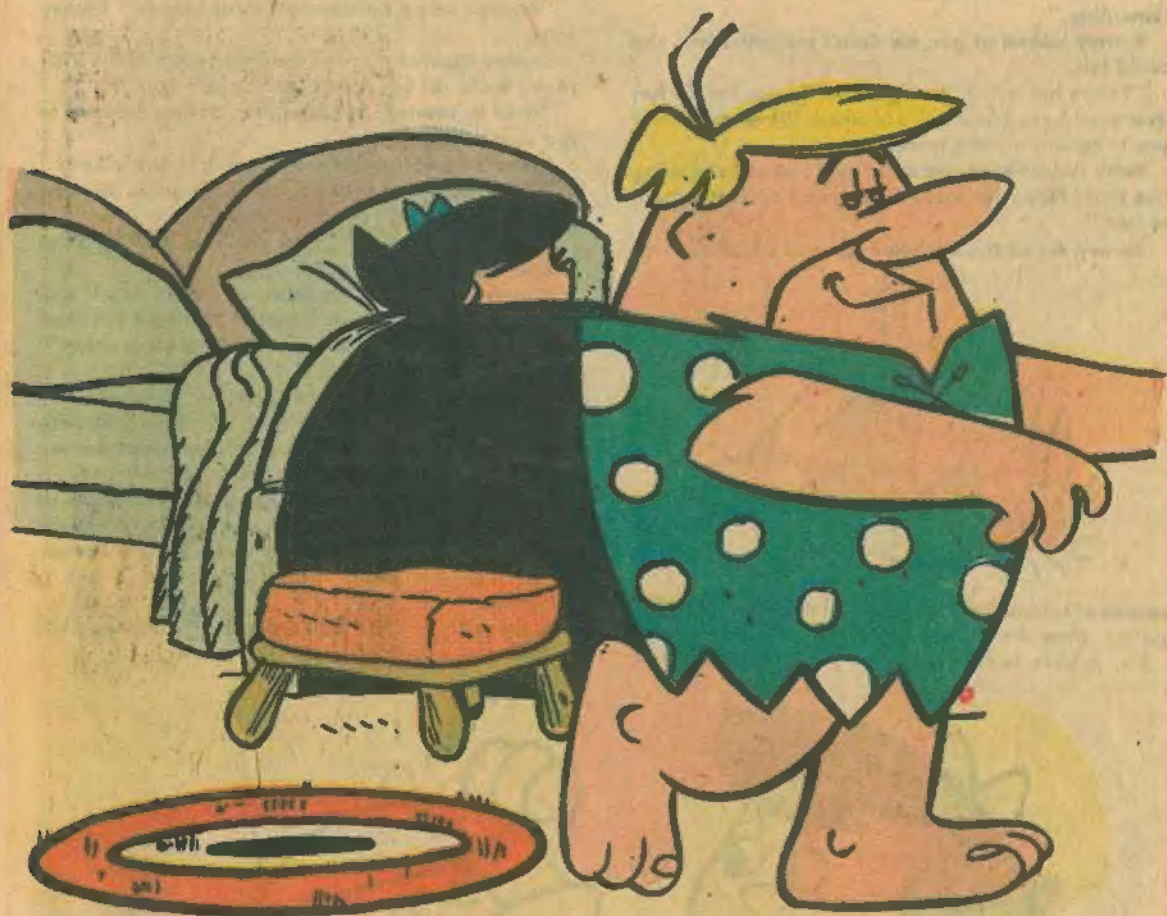








Who Am I?



When Barney slept, he often dreamed. And what he dreamed about most often was food. So, when Barney dreamed about food, he'd get up in the middle of the night and go sleepwalking right to the icebox.

In Bedrock, 7,000 B.C., they didn't have refrigerators yet.

Give or take a few 1,000 years, that's when Barney, Betty, and the Flintstones were living it up.

So, Barney dreamed about food. And one night he dreamed about the cold brontosaurus roast in the icebox. So, Barney got up in his sleep, very carefully so he wouldn't awaken Betty, and headed for the icebox in the kitchen. He almost had it made when in the dark kitchen he stepped on Bamm-Bamm's rattle.

It rattled. Barney tumbled, Barney came down on his

head.

WHACK!

Betty heard it all. She heard the rattle. She heard Barney's yell as he went up in the air and then came down on his head.

Betty ran to the kitchen and there was Barney, balanced precariously on his flat head. She pushed him gently and he subsided with a frightening thud.

Betty looked at him. She went to the sink and got a cup of cold water to splash him. It didn't work. Barney laid on his back, snoring gently. Betty was worried so she pinched him, slapped him, and then gave him a big kiss. Nothing worked. Especially not the kiss.

So, Betty did the only thing left to do. She opened the icebox, took out the remains of the bronte roast

and passed it slowly under his nose.

Barney's eyelids fluttered, then his eyes opened slowly. The miracle drug, brentosaurus roast, had worked again!

"Duh... that's bee-yootiful!" Barney said with great sincerity and sat up, at the same time reaching for the big platter of meat.

"Oh, no," Betty said, yanking the platter out of reach. "You're on a diet, remember?"

Barney looked at Betty blankly.

"No, I don't remember. And what are you doing in my house, lady?"

Betty stared. "What am I doing in your house? This is our house and I'm your wife in case you can't remember."

Barney looked at her. He didn't recognize her, she could tell.

"You're my wife?" he repeated. Barney looked her over pretty good and Betty blushed. "How do I know you're telling me the truth?"

Betty suddenly got mad. "Would I lie about a thing like that? Now, eat some brente roast and come back to bed."

Barney sat at the kitchen table and ate about two



pounds of brente. Betty watched him chomp away for awhile, then she went back to bed.

Mr. Rubble looked after the pretty brunette and

wondered if she was lying to him. He didn't know he was Barney Rubble, of course. He'd had a total loss of memory when he got hit on his head.

So, he went in the bathroom and looked in the mirror.

The face looking back at him was that of a total stranger. But he had to admit he was a pretty good-looking guy.

"Hmmm. No wonder she says I'm her husband," Barney said to himself. "I'm a pretty good-looking guy."

In the living room, he looked around. TV set. Couch. Chair. Good solid rock house. Whoever he was, he was pretty well off.

"Besides being handsome, I must be rich!" Barney said.

Barney strutted through the living room to the bedroom. Betty sat up in bed, staring at him.

"Hold it, shorty!" she snapped. Barney stepped in the doorway.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked.

Barney looked at the nice, big comfortable bed and yawned. "To bed. I live here, right?"

Betty looked at him. "If you live here, then who am I. And what's your name?"

Barney patted his bellyful of brente roast and belched. "What's the difference? You said I'm your husband. I'm tired out and I wanta get some sleep."

Betty looked at him.

"Oh, no! Just stand right there, Mr. Rubble!"

Betty got up, went to the closet, and came back with a nice club. She brought it up and whacked Barney good and hard on top of his head.

Barney went down again. Betty put the club back in the closet and then came back, wiping Barney's face gently with a cool cloth. Barney's eyes fluttered open.

"Betty?" he said. "What happened. I got a headache!"

Betty smiled. "That's all right, dear. Come on back to bed. You'll feel better in the morning."

